

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.All business or news letters and telegraphic
despatches must be addressed New York
Herald.Rejected communications will not be re-
turned.

Volume XXXVII.....No. 264

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—The Sergeant's Woe.
—THE DEATH TRAP.WOOD'S MUSIC, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—
CROW-CROW. Afternoon and Evening.OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and
Bleecker sts.—ONE WIFE.UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth
and Fourteenth streets.—AUNE.WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirtieth
street.—LION; OR, THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—
DIAMONDS.ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—STRAKOSCH
CONCERT.GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth
ave.—HUI CAROTTE.THEATRE COMIQUE, No. 514 Broadway.—ARRAS-
BROUET.BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth
avenue.—THE BELL; OR, THE PRISON KEY.WHITE'S ATHLETIC, 505 Broadway.—NORSE MIN-
STERIAL, &c.BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st., corner
Sixth.—THE BELL; OR, THE PRISON KEY.ST. JAMES THEATRE, corner of 30th st. and Broad-
way.—THE BELL; OR, THE PRISON KEY.TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, &c.70 BROADWAY, EMERSON'S MINSTERIAL.—GRAND
ENTERTAINMENT.JAMES ROBINSON'S CHAMPION CIRCUS, corner of
Madison avenue and Forty-fifth street.AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, Third av., between 63d
and 64th streets.CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—GRAND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT.DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM, No. 745 Broadway.—ART AND
SCIENCE.NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 615 Broadway.—
SCIENCE AND ART.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Friday, Sept. 20, 1872.

THE NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

To-Day's Contents of the
Herald.EUROPEAN CABLE NEWS.—THE BIENVILLE—
AMUSEMENTS.—SEVENTH PAGE.YACHTING: THE STAKE FOR THE COMMODORE'S
CUP.—ART.—THIRD PAGE.KINGS COUNTY RATIFIES THE LIBERAL NOMI-
NATIONS: TREMENDOUS OUTPOURING
OF THE MASSES; THE SPEECHES.—THE GER-
MANS AND THE FOURTH WARD MOVING
FOR BEDFORD FOR CITY JUDGE.—THIRD
PAGE.GREELEY "GOES WEST": ANOTHER DAY OF
BUOICIAN WANDERINGS; HIS TALK AT
PITTSBURG—PENNSYLVANIA: CURTIN TO
JUMP FROM THE FENCE.—SEVENTH PAGE.GRANT IN JERSEY: SPLENDID OVATION AND
HIS SPEECH AT NEWARK.—A. T. STEWART
DECLINES A MAYORALTY NOMINATION.—
THE CLOVEN FOOT OF BOSS TWEED:
TAMMANY EXPELS TRAITORS.—THIRD PAGE.FALL FASHIONS: RECEPTION DAY OF THE
PICKLE GODDESS; WAIFS FROM THE
SALONS OF THE MODISTES.—FIFTH PAGE.TROTTING AT PROSPECT PARK: TWO FINE
CONTESTS.—ORRICK: THE "GENTLEMEN
ELEVEN" VICTORIOUS IN ONE INNING.—
AQUATIC: THE GREAT SINGLE SCULL
RACE.—SHIPPING.—TENTH PAGE.EDITORIAL LEADER: "PROGRESS OF AMERICAN
JOURNALISM FROM 1842 TO 1872—HOW
MUCH?"—SIXTH PAGE.ON CHANCE: THE LATEST ABOUT THE "COR-
NERS": CURIOUS REVELATIONS AND
PROBABLE FINALE OF CORNERING
SCHEMES.—THE CLIQUE INTERVIEWED—
A. J. STEWART'S OPINION.—EIGHTH PAGE.THE \$18,000 SUB-TREASURY DEFALCATION;
JOHNSON DECLARED GUILTY; WHAT
GENERAL HILLHOUSE AND THE EXPERT
KNOW ABOUT IT.—THE POLICEMAN'S LOU-
CUST.—FIFTH PAGE.ROMEO AND JULIET UNDER THE ALPS: SAD
SCENES IN SWITZERLAND—DEATH
OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.—THE COURTS—
FOURTH PAGE.

THE MEETING OF THE SEVENTY.—NINTH PAGE.

THE WALL STREET DRAMA presents new and
deeply interesting scenes as it progresses from
day to day. Yesterday the clique deliberately
"gobbled" the government gold which Mr.
Boutwell sold to the highest bidder, and pre-
vented it from going into the market. But in
endeavoring to "cut their rum old rigs" in the
money market again they were suddenly
checked by two of the largest downtown banks,
the officers of which refused to hand over the
greenbacks in exchange for certified checks,
and accepted the obloquy of nominal bank-
ruptcy in order to test their power of breaking
up the "locking-up" conspiracy. The matter
has gone to the courts, and an interesting de-
velopment is awaited.THE FALL FASHIONS.—Yesterday was a festal
occasion for the belles who have returned from
the watering places. Many of the leading
modistes threw open the doors of their estab-
lishments for the first time this season and gave
a fine display of the Fall styles. In another
column of the HERALD will be found a descrip-
tion of these styles. Good taste and common
sense still hold their own with the fair sex,
and the extravagances of past years seem to be
abandoned forever.WARNED IN TIME.—It is stated that the re-
form party talk of nominating Wheeler H.
Peckham for District Attorney. If they do,
and Peckham be elected, some of those gen-
tlemen who are now lingering between trial
and conviction for official misdemeanors had
better commence to pack up their trunks and
take passage for some undiscovered country,
Peckham as prosecuting officer of the city and
county of New York will see that the law is
vindicated, and malefactors, whether in high
or low station, brought to justice. Be warned
in time!A GOOD SUGGESTION.—It has been sug-
gested that inasmuch as there exists a city or-
dinance for muzzling dogs during the dog
days that Congress pass an act for the muzzling
of the partisan press during Presidential
contests like that now pending. A great
deal of editorial froth and foam might thereby
be saved.Progress of American Journalism from
1842 to 1872—How Much?In February, 1842—over thirty years ago—
"Box," otherwise Charles Dickens, then the
bright particular star rising in the firmament
of fiction, made his first triumphal entry into
the United States. His popularity as the nov-
elist of humanity had preceded him, and from
his landing at Boston to his departure from
New York, everywhere—East, West, South
and North—he was hailed as a lion and
treated like a prince. Many of our young
gallants of that day who still live, now ripened
into the mellow sobriety of old age, will re-
member the unexampled honors showered
here upon the bright young author of Pickwick,
and especially in that never-to-be-forgotten
"Dickens ball." The triumphal advent on
Broadway of Captain Tyler, the dinners to
Kossuth, the ovations to Lola Montez, Mayor
Wood's firemen's torchlight procession in
honor of the Prince of Wales, the whole round
of extraordinary festivities which made up our
grand carnival to the Imperial Grand Duke
Alexis, "every inch a king," may, in the course
of time, be but dimly remembered in the tra-
ditions of our "old fogies;" yea, in the lapse
of years they may cease to recall that remark-
able epoch in our political history when
Horace Greeley ran as the democratic candi-
date for the Presidency; but "while the grass
grows and the water runs" our old New
Yorkers will delight in recalling the "beautiful
belles," the romantic fascinations and the
glorious enthusiasm of the "Dickens ball."They will remember, too, how the unstinted
admiration and unbounded hospitalities here
given to Dickens were repaid by the ungrate-
ful philanthropist on his return home in that
spiteful, loose and incoherent rignarole, his
"American Notes," and in that more delib-
erate caricature of American society, American
patriotism and the American press, his story of
Martin Chuzzlewit. His first impressions of
the American press are grouped in the caric-
ature given of Martin's reception by the New
York newspapers "on the deck and down in the
cabins of the steamboat before she touched the
shore," as follows:—"Here's this morning's
New York *Sever*!" cried one. "Here's this
morning's New York *Stabber*!" "Here's the
New York *Family Spy*!" "Here's the New
York *Private Listener*!" "Here's the New
York *Peep*!" "Here's the New York
Plunderer!" "Here's the New York *Keyhole
Reporter*!" "Here's the New York *Rondy
Journal*!" "Here's all the New York papers!"
Here's full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco
movement yesterday, in which the whigs was
so chawed up, and the last Alabama gonging
case, and the interesting Arkansas dozel with
bowie knives, and all the political, commercial
and fashionable news! Here they are! Here
they are! Here's the papers! Here's the
papers!" Then follows a more elaborate out-
cry of the superior achievements in the daily
scandals of the day of the "New York *Sever*,"
always on the lookout, the leading journal of
the United States, now in its twelfth thousand
and still a-printing off. Here's the New York
Sever!" And then a voice in Martin's ear
tells him that "it is by such enlightened means
the bubbling passions of our country find a vent."We have no space here for the patriotic
bulletins of that model American journalist of
1842, Mr. Jefferson Brick, nor for the lamenta-
ble collapse of the great Southwestern "Water-
toast Association," organized to assist Daniel
O'Connell in his war upon the tyrannical Brit-
ish lion, but instantly dissolved in a state of in-
conceivable wrath with the astounding infor-
mation that this "public man of Ireland" was
"an advocate of nigger emancipation!" Says
Dickens in this connection:—"If anything
beneath the sky be real those Sons of Freedom
who have pistolled, stabbed—in some way
slain—the man by coward hands and murder-
ous violence if he had stood among them at
that time." Nor, in view of the apology of
Dickens at the New York press dinner of 1868
for these opinions and observations of his of
1842, do we reproduce them now in judgment
against him. That account was settled in the
amende honorable of 1868, as was that of our
wrath against England's peculiar neutrality
with the honest apology given in the Joint
High Commission. Our simple object in these
extracts from Dickens is to present the con-
trast between the American press of 1842, as
he portrays it, and the American press as we
find it to-day.Nor are the American caricatures of Dickens
so very wide of the mark as *prima facie* they
appear. In 1842 the population of the United
States was about eighteen millions, and the
population of New York city was not above
three hundred and twenty-five thousand.
We had very few railroads at that day and no
telegraphs, our first experimental electrical
wire being that of 1844 between Washington
and Baltimore. From the absence of ready
means of intercommunication our people were
clannish and sectional, and there was then a
meaning and a vital power in the Southern
dogmas of State sovereignty which the railway
and the telegraph have since extinguished.
In 1842 the institution of Southern slavery was
the supreme power behind our State Legis-
latures, the President, Congress and the
Supreme Court. The Southern oligarchy,
through its Regencies and kitchen cabinets,
still ruled the party journalism of the Union;
for the independent press was then still strug-
gling into the foreground. We had learned
nothing from foreign wars but from our wars
with England, and nothing from these so
much as the invincible prowess of the Ameri-
can eagle. In 1842 even General Scott had
not become fascinated with the "sweet Irish
brogue," and lager beer and beer gardens
were held as outlandish German innovations.
In social refinements, in political knowledge,
in music and the fine arts, in literature and
journalism, we could not see ourselves as
others saw us, for we were not unapproachable
in our power and glory, our progress and
manifest destiny?But all this time the elements were gather-
ing their mighty forces for the impending
deluge, and "the windows of Heaven were
opened," and "the fountains of the great deep
were broken up" on our world-amazing
Southern rebellion. The deluge passed away
and our surviving people found themselves in
a new world, from which old things had dis-
appeared, and in which all things had become
new. The contrast between the American
colonies under the British Crown and the
United States under their original constitution
was hardly greater than the change in all our
relations as a people from the Dred Scott de-
cision to the fifteenth amendment. And thistremendous revolution, through all its pro-
cesses, from the war with Mexico to the im-
peachment of President Johnson, had occur-
red in the eventful interval between the first
and the second visit of Dickens to this country.
In 1868 he found that during his absence our
population had doubled, our territorial area
had been enlarged by the absorption of vast
empires in extent, our national resources had
been more than quadrupled, and that railways
and telegraphs had worked miracles in the en-
largement of our ideas and in our general
enlightenment and "solidarity" as a people.
In this general advancement he found that the
independent press had vastly reformed the pre-
existing abuses and had removed the party
trammels of American journalism, and that
this great agent of modern progress, with its
faithful Ariel, the telegraph, held the balance
of power in Church and State, and in the gen-
eral order of society.Hence there was, in truth, neither retraction
nor humiliation in the apology of Dickens in
1868 for his caricatures of America and the
Americans from his observations of 1842. He
simply recognized the great revolution which
had done its work among us in his absence,
and with the two hundred thousand dollars
gathered from his readings he went his way
rejoicing. And now, from the gross and reck-
less personal denunciations of our party press
on both sides in this Presidential campaign,
the question recurs, has there in reality been
any marked improvement in the tone and
temper of our party press and party politi-
cians since the time of Mr. Jefferson Brick
and the Water-toast Association? Yes; but
still our party journalists have much to learn.
They are still far behind the advancing spirit
of the age. They are still doing much to
poison the very fountains of our political
system in their unscrupulous and debasing
personalities. A stranger to our political con-
tests, from the perusal of the party journals
on both sides at this time, would look in vain
for an honest or capable man standing as a
candidate for any official position. If in one
party journal he finds a candidate possessed
of all the virtues of Cincinnatus, he will find
in another party oracle that this man is fit
only for the State Prison.Thus, from one side or the other, General
Grant is denounced as a tyrant, an idiot
and a drunkard; and Mr. Greeley as a hy-
pocrite, a traitor and a charlatan. And so it
goes through the whole catalogue of our can-
didates for public office; and so, in con-
founding good and bad, our party politics are
corrupted, and American journalism is de-
graded in the eyes of the world. But the
continuing and still enlarging prosperity
of the HERALD in pursuing a
different course attests at once our ap-
preciation of the intelligence, honesty and
security of the American people in their own
good judgment, and the suicidal folly of the
reckless party organ, which substitutes base in-
ventions for facts and personal detraction for
honest argument. We can, then, only con-
clude that if American journalism at large has
greatly improved since 1842, our party press
is still like those Bourbons who "never learn
anything and never forget anything."

The Sub-Treasury Defalcation.

Another stupendous robbery by a govern-
ment official has come to light, which, in the
simplicity of its accomplishment, challenges
wonder. A clerk in the Sub-Treasury
in this city constituted a department
in himself—the Revenue Stamp Department.
He received stamps from Washington, which
it was his duty to enter on the books, so as to
make the tally of sales and receipts. One fine
morning in August he is alleged to have re-
ceived \$175,000 worth of them, and four days
after \$10,000 worth. He did not enter these.
He went on a fortnight's vacation, and has not
since returned. They are now looking for
him and the stamps. This is all. He was a
jovial man, years in the Department,
trusted, relied on and promoted. It is
simply a tale of misplaced confidence.
The wonder is, it would appear, why a
man on a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a
year is left to a quiet communion for years
with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth
of convertible stuff in his hands, and the
thought before him that he had only to
omit an entry and walk off with as much as
he pleased. Should the government lay
such inducements in a man's way and escape
condemnation with him in his crime? He
has had a long start of the knowing detectives,
and it is not probable, as some wisecracks
believe, that the man who took such a
step, knowing that it must be discovered
in time, waited around for the *éclaircissement*.
He would not be likely to misplace his con-
fidence in such a way. Another curious
feature connected with this curious affair is
that the authorities of the Sub-Treasury took
so long to ascertain whether there had been a
fraud committed or not. Any well-regulated
business concern will have its accounts and
cash made up to the latest hour, so that it can
tell immediately if there be anything wrong.
The magnitude of any business makes no
difference. The Sub-Treasury here ought to be
managed as well as any small bank would be.The Partisan Ball of Scurrility Still
Rolling On.
The Evening Mail administers a well-merited
reproof to the partisan organs that go out of
their path to fling offensive epithets upon
their opponents. It calls for a week's truce,
"so that hot blood can cool and muddled
brains get clear and animosities subside a
little." Another evening contemporary also
reprehends the prevailing grossness of parti-
san invective, but being a partisan print
itself it sees only one side of the question
and would take the mote out of its brother's
eye before taking heed of the beam in its
own. Again, in one short paragraph in the
columns of a morning partisan contemporary
we find such ungentlemanly and unjournal-
istic expressions as "untruth," "slandere,"
"calumny," "sneak;" in another, "boss thief,"
"thief," "scoundrel;" in another, "wanton
libeller;" in another, and apparently the
leading editorial, a neighboring journalist
is characterized as having "grown old and
vicious" in the art of libelling and of "forg-
ing" charges against political opponents.
Another prominent journalist is classified
among "unscrupulous men." This whole
constellation of elegant English is sublimated
under the modest heading of "Slander
as a Trade." In the words of a Newark con-
temporary, this is truly the "campaign of
scandal," and it might have added, of scur-
rility and vulgarity and needless personality.Romeo and Juliet in Switzerland—The
Dangers and Duties of Life Abroad—A
Lesson to Parents and Guardians.We print in another column a letter from
our correspondent in Switzerland which tells
a strange story. It has many of the features
of Romeo and Juliet—the same old legend of
love, disappointment, desperation, suicide;
the loving not wisely but too well which we
have had from the beginning, and shall prob-
ably continue so have so long as our poor
human nature is what we find it. There
would be nothing, however, in what our cor-
respondent writes but a twice-told tale were it
not that it comprises a lesson to parents and
guardians in America that cannot be too
thoroughly and promptly learned.An American maiden, scarcely more than a
child, daughter of an American lady of for-
tune and social repute, is sent out to Europe
to learn the languages, under the care of "a
competent governess" living in Zurich, who
has also the supervision of two or three others.
This maiden is about sixteen, and while at
Zurich she makes the acquaintance of a young
man, scarcely more than a lad, a native of
Poland, residing in Switzerland to acquire the
art of medicine. In time an arrangement is
made by which the maiden is to teach the lad
English, while he teaches her German. Our
narrative is somewhat obscure as to the nature
and the origin of this arrangement; but we
suppose it was approved by the "competent gov-
erness." At all events, the "studies" began and
with a result that our readers may fancy.
Romeo and Juliet spoke the same language;
but we question if things would have turned
out differently had he spoken German and she
English; for love hath a language of its own
apart from the grammar and glossary. There
were long walks by the brawling brooks,
under shady old trees which may have
sheltered the hosts of Julius Cesar, in
"eight" love-inspiring Alps—
those palaces of nature where eternity
sits enthroned in icy halls of cold sublimity—
frequent communions, a persistence in
the new study that quite drove medicine out
of the young man's mind and the finer accom-
plishments out of that of the young lady, for,
as we have said, she was sixteen and he
twenty. In time the mother came from
America with three other daughters. She
discovered the nature of the "studies" that
engrossed her child's attention,
and instantly forbade them. To make
the prohibition effectual, she left
Zurich with her family for Lake Lucerne,
leaving the young Pole to continue his study
of medicine, and to find his happiness in
other eyes than those of Miss Juliet.But love, as Madame Mother might well have
known, is not to be dissolved or defeated by
seas, or streams or even the wild Swiss moun-
tains. The student followed the maiden to
Lake Lucerne, decorated himself in a wig and
false beard and other mystifying toggery, and
took apartments in a small hotel near his be-
loved's new home, telling a curious landlord—
not without suspicions we would think in these
Commune times as to the rig and whiskers—
that he was in love and that a cruel
parent stood between him and everlasting
peace. Then came little notes for the student,
timidly handed to the hotel porter by maiden
hands, and hurried meetings and strolls by
the banks of the lake, where Tell is said to
have split the mythical apple and to have de-
fied Gessler's imperial *chapereau*. But Madame
Mother in time discovered this, and announ-
ced that she would leave Switzerland, and
Europe even, to prevent the relations which
had fascinated her daughter. This cruel
mandate was announced to the student, and
it moved him deeply. He asked for one more
interview. The next day his beloved would
leave Lucerne and go to distant lands. The
meeting was permitted "for twenty minutes,"
says our correspondent. "Are you
afraid to die?" said Romeo. "No,"
said Juliet, "when the time comes." And
in a flash the student drew a small pistol
and fired it at her temples. She fell upon the
ground, apparently dead. He then put the
pistol to his own forehead and fired, and fell
by her side. It was thought, when assistance
came, that both were dead. The maiden,
however, was severely but not dangerously
wounded, and is now free from danger. The
student was more seriously injured. It is
thought, however, that youth and health will
save his life; but he will never again look
upon his beloved, for the shot which was to
have taken his life has robbed him of his
sight, and he lies in the Gersau Hospital hope-
lessly blind.This can scarcely be called a tragedy,
although it has the elements of tragedy.
If Romeo had simply shot his sight away,
instead of taking the fatal drug, we are bound
to believe that Juliet would have loved him
just as fondly when she recovered from her
poison, and that in time even Old Capulet
would have done the handsome thing and
made his peace with the Montagues. The
bloody little drama on the banks of this Swiss
lake may have in time another and happier
ending. We pass from that, however. This
maiden is of American birth, and what
happened to her may happen in hundreds of
American families. Steam, telegraphic cables,
advancement in navigation, and engineering,
all tend to narrow this wide Atlantic Ocean
and bring Europe and America close together.
What was an event in the lives of our fathers
now becomes a Summer's pastime. In the last
generation the "grand tour" was made by am-
bitious and enterprising young men, who did
Europe for a year or two in a slow, staring
way, and overwhelmed their parents with de-
scriptive letters, returning home with a taste
for French and Italian and tastes for sauces
and salads. Now we miss Johnson
and Goldsmith from the club for a
few weeks, only to learn when they
return with odd looking apparel, a
musical snuffbox and an astounding meers-
chaum pipe, that they have just "done"
Europe, the whole thing in six weeks, the Irish
lakes included. We go to Europe now as in
other years we went to Barnegat. Every year
the travel increases—fifty thousand this Summer
alone, we are told. And in Europe we have
an American society, a little federation of
colonies in Dresden and Geneva and Paris and
Nice and London, with their newspapers, their
cliques, their gossip and their fashions. Every
year it is becoming the custom to send our chil-
dren to Europe to learn languages. "Competent
governesses" are constantly advertising their
willingness to escort a class of young ladies
to Switzerland and teach them the accom-plishments. Not long since a dowager school-
mistress or something of the kind went sailing
over Europe and to the Nile with a dozen
young ladies in her train, seeing sights. She
probably had the lot on speculation, and found
so much profit in it that others will imitate
the example, and Europe will soon be trav-
ersed with floating companies of maidens,
conveyed by dowager schoolmistresses, seeing
all that is to be seen.The danger, the folly, we may say the sin
and crime of this may be seen in the disaster
that has fallen upon this American family in
Switzerland. Our correspondent accurately
shows the extent of it in his letter. It is well
to visit Europe. Education is cheaper than
with us, and perhaps more thorough. One
learns how to live—for instance, the economies
of life that centuries of experience and the
necessities of large population have
taught the older and denser countries.
To those of fine tastes there is
an education such as we cannot give in the
splendid galleries of Madrid and Dresden,
rich with the works of Raphael and Velasquez
and Titian, in the cathedrals of Cologne and
Seville, in the sculpture and architecture and
painting and music of Rome. The practical
man may see what industry can do in Belgium,
what patience has achieved in Holland,
what free trade and enterprise have made out
of the little island of England. There are po-
litical and financial problems in Germany,
France and Spain, that may well excite the keen-
est study of the statesman. We can understand,
therefore, the drift of the cultivated and eager
American mind to Europe—the desire to drink
in the old knowledge at the fountain head,
and to see the mother nations as they are.
There is no true American who does not come
home a better patriot from what he sees
abroad. He has greater, broader, more cos-
mopolitan views. He learns that America is a
greater country in some respects and not so
great in others. But life in Europe is full
of temptations. The family relation,
the discipline of which is so sacred with us,
cannot be relaxed when abroad without the
greatest danger. Europe swarms with adven-
turers, exiles from home, society and duty,
fortune-hunters, devotees of Baden-Baden,
beggary counts who hawk around a title for
an income. There is a freedom also in social
relations foreign to our habits and which may
have a dangerous result upon young minds
unless they are zealously guarded by the
parent or guardian.The family discipline which every true man
cherishes in his own home—that his sons and
daughters may be a comfort to his old age and
a blessing to society—this same discipline
should be taken to Europe. To send young
maiden abroad in the care of "a competent
governess" who has five or six to manage, or
in charge of a school mistress who proposes to
march with "a select party" of a dozen or so
through the cheap hotels of Europe, to drop
them promiscuously into the society of Dres-
den or Paris, is to invite a danger to their
peace of mind and the home of their family
which we cannot exaggerate. The duty of the
father and the mother, so sacred and impera-
tive at home, is no less so abroad; for there
are restraints of custom and association here
which are not found in Europe. This sad
business at Lucerne would never have oc-
curred had the head of the family shown pru-
dence and firmness in time. The way to
avoid the Niagara leap is to keep your boat out
of the current, and those of our readers who
think of visiting Europe, or of sending their
children thither for study, must consider well
the solemn responsibilities it involves.

The Death of the King of Sweden.

A cable despatch informs us that His
Majesty Charles XV., King of Sweden, died
at Malmö on Wednesday night. Malmö is a
respectable seaport town of the old Scandina-
vian kingdom; it is the capital of a len on
the Sound, one of the most fertile districts of
the Kingdom, and is distant some sixteen
miles from Copenhagen. The death of the
King was not wholly unexpected, for we had
a day before been notified of his serious illness.Kings die like ordinary men. To them, as
to all of us, the last hour will come;
and in their case, as in the case of the
rest of us, when the final hour does come
human skill must be found unavailing. The
death of the Swedish King commands atten-
tion from a variety of causes. The late
King was the grandson of the celebrated Ber-
nadotte, one of the First Napoleon's best
generals and a marshal of the First Empire.
Of all the French commanders who had fig-
ured under Napoleon Bernadotte was the
most distinguished for the clemency which he
showed to the vanquished in the hour of
victory. It was known, besides, that he was
one of the few leading men at the head of the
then terrible army of France who despised
Napoleon's insatiable ambition and who were
impatient of his arrogance. Before the death
of Charles XIII. the Swedes found it necessary
to look after a suitable successor to the throne,
and the qualities above referred to recom-
mended the great French general, himself
almost the rival of Napoleon, as the man for
the position. When the matter was first
broached Napoleon objected. "What!" said
Bernadotte, "will you make me greater than
yourself by making me refuse a crown?"
The Emperor felt the force of the
words, and his reply was:—"So!
our fates must be accomplished." Bernadotte
became Crown Prince of
Sweden and ultimately King. It was pain-
ful to him to fight against his countrymen and
his former chief; but he found it necessary
to enter into the coalition which finally over-
threw the man who began as the liberator and
fell as the tyrant of Europe. As was said of
the first Bernadotte, so it may be said of his
son and his grandson, they ruled Sweden and
Norway wisely and well, and left the United
Kingdoms more prosperous than they found
them. The first Bernadotte, King of Sweden,
was only a lawyer's son; but the successful
reigns of himself, of his son, Oscar, and of the
now deceased Charles abundantly prove that
a man qualified to occupy a throne and to
wield a sceptre is not necessarily born in the
purple.The deceased King leaves a daughter, his
only child, who is the wife of the Crown
Prince of Denmark. Most of our readers will
remember that when this marriage took
place, some three years ago, there
was much talk of the possible union
of the Crowns of Denmark and Sweden,
and rumor had it that on the occasion of the
death of either monarch the Scandinaviankingdoms, Sweden, Norway and Denmark,
would be united under one ruler. Such a
combination is, no doubt, for many reasons
desirable. It would give strength and unity
to an ancient and once powerful race, whence
sprang the Sea Kings of the Middle Ages.
Unhappily, however, for the carrying out of
this idea the Salic law is still in force in
Sweden. It has not yet, so far as the world
knows, been repealed. The late King leaves
behind him a brother, by name Oscar Frederic,
and, unless an unexpected revolution takes
place in Sweden, we shall expect to learn on
an early day that Oscar the Second has peace-
ably mounted the throne of Sweden and
Norway. Of course there will be a double
coronation, one at Stockholm and one at
Drontheim, and the presumption is, in spite
of some dreamers, that the union of the
Scandinavian Kingdoms will be postponed for
at least another generation, if not indefinitely
or forever.

The Yachting Season.

The very brilliant success achieved in the
yachting season of 1870 and 1871 had led us
to expect a similar series of regattas and con-
tests this year, that would lend additional
lustre to the annals of American yachting.
There appears, however, to have been a kind
of tameness pervading the spirit of yachting
this season which would be hard to account
for, unless it arose from the melancholy calms
in which the June regattas were drifted.
Every sport may be said to be especially
adapted to certain phases of weather, and,
although horse racing in a rain storm and bil-
liards with the thermometer one hundred
degrees in the shade are certainly not inspir-
ing, there is nothing so decidedly tame as
yacht racing in a calm.The yachting season was inaugurated on the
18th of June by the Atlantic Yacht Club Re-
gatta, which resulted in a victory for the
schooner Peerless, easily defeating the Tidal
Wave and Resolute. There was a light air
throughout the day, which gave a small craft
like the Peerless, spreading a large area of
canvas, an immense advantage over a large,
sailing schooner like the Resolute. In fact,
before the Resolute had got fairly started the
Peerless was passing through the Narrows.The New York Yacht Club Regatta was sailed
on the following Thursday, and resulted in
the victory of the Lanthe, the smallest
schooner in the fleet, beating her competitors
by half an hour. The weather embraced a
rather melancholy combination of puffs and
calms, as when part of the fleet had a pleasant
breeze from Sandy Hook buoy to the lightship
the others were becalmed in the Horse Shoe,
and again, after the fleet on the return home
had run past the Southwest Spit into a calm,
the Lanthe came along an hour later, and, luff-
ing sharp round the Southwest Spit buoy,
carried a breeze home, while the others lay
rocking about, with their sails hanging idly.On the succeeding Saturday the Brooklyn
Yacht Club sailed their annual regatta. The
unfavorable state of the weather kept many
of the large schooners from putting in an ap-
pearance, and the schooner prizes were conse-
quently left to competition between the
Madelaine, Eva and Lanthe. The former won
the prize for first yacht home, and the Eva
carried off the time allowance prize. This
regatta, however, brought out a good fleet
of first class sloops, embracing the Meta, Gracie,
Addie, Undine, Mary and Captain, and re-
sulted in an easy victory for the Meta.The race for the Wallack Cup, sailed during
the following week, was won by the Made-
leine, with the little Peerless second. The
course was from the Sandy Hook buoy to a
stakeboat anchored about three miles to the
southward of Long Branch and return. There
was a light breeze, which, however, was
rather shifty, and the Madelaine
won the race by standing well out to the east-
ward while the rest of the fleet made short
tacks along the shore.At Newport the season has been tolerably
good, and a large fleet of yachts have been
laying there during the summer. There have
been several regattas there, and the Columbia
retained her prestige by winning a five-hun-
dred-dollar cup in handsome style, beating
a large fleet. The Magic also won a sub-
scription cup, arriving nearly two hours ahead
of everything else; but the winds were
variable and rather favored the winner of